

OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

Volume 19.

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Number 1.

GINGER.

By E. W. Frentiz.

One cold winter morning a heavy dray rumbled slowly along the street, and at last drew up to the sidewalk in front of a large dry-goods shop. On one side of the seat sat the big driver, muffled in a wolfskin coat, and on the other side sat a solid-looking yellow dog, with sharp up-standing ears and bushy eyebrows that almost hid the twinkling eyes beneath them.

As the dray stopped, people who were passing glanced a moment at the dog, and smiled as they went on. It was not because he was such a plain, homely yellow dog, or because he looked so wide-awake and good-natured, but because of the way he was dressed. His kindhearted master, feeling the cold himself, and knowing that Ginger, the dog, who was his friend and helper, must also feel it, had taken an old gunny-sack, folded it together, wrapped it round Ginger's neck and body, and fastened it with two big safety-pins. And so Ginger sat there, like a little old man in a shawl, as comfortable as could be, and probably thinking how hard it was that other dogs who did not work for a living, and who had no kind master, must go all winter with no overcoat, and nothing except their bare skin to keep them warm.

The driver threw the reins over one of the seat-posts, climbed down, pinned a blanket round the horse's chest, and then came back to lift a heavy bundle from the dray. As he turned, he looked up at the dog, nodded his head toward the other bundles, and said, "Watch 'em old boy!" And Ginger wagged his stubby tail till the ends of the gunny-sack bobbed up and down.

As soon as the driver had gone, Ginger began to watch the faces of all the people who passed, and to look very sharply at any one who came too near the dray. When a messenger boy tried to tease him by making believe that he was going to take a package from the dray, Ginger leaped down from his seat, dashed to the back of the wagon, and barked furiously. His little eyes snapped and his white teeth showed. Not till the boy had gone away did Ginger hop back to the seat, to take up again his task of guarding his master's property.

Then came a big red automobile, and drew up to the side walk, facing the dray. On one of the seats sat a woman dressed all in fur, and by her side a dog that looked as if he had too much to eat. He was very sleek and fat. His smooth skin glistened and his little nose turned up in a way that said very plainly, "It is not every dog that I care to meet. Do you see this plush overcoat?"

Well, I never wear anything else in cold weather." It is true that he did have on a warm green plush coat that fitted him perfectly and was held in place by little shining buckles.

"Now, Pedro, you stay right there," said the woman, as she got out and went into the store; and for a few seconds Pedro did stay. But it was plain to see that he was a spoiled dog and used to having his way: for his mistress was hardly gone before he was out of the automobile and down on the sidewalk.

Ginger looked at him with a friendly eye, and barked in a way that said quite plainly, "Good morning! Pretty cold to-day, isn't it?" But Pedro turned up his pug nose a little higher, and strutted away with an air that showed how unreasonable it was to expect him to pay attention to a plain working dog that had to wear an old gunny-sack for an overcoat.

He walked slowly to the corner. Just as he reached it, without any warning something big and black and shaggy hit him full in the face and threw him over backward. It was a great Newfoundland dog, which did not even give him time to get up, but pounced upon him again, and began to chew his ears and roll him head over heels in the snow.

Yelping at the top of his voice for help, Pedro tried to get back

BARIUM SPRINGS ORPHANAGE, ITS NEEDS AND ITS POSSIBILITIES.

Surely no reader of these columns is ignorant of the place this institution holds and the work it is doing in our own Synod. But we venture to say that very few are alive and awake to its real worth and situation.

This is a fact to be much regretted. We owe Barium Springs Orphanage a debt of gratitude for the wonderful work it is doing in training the fatherless boys and girls in our bounds to be useful citizens.

The children are not only given a thorough high school training, but they receive domestic and industrial training. In a word, their mental, physical and above all, their spiritual interests are under careful supervision.

Mr. Walker, the able superintendent, assisted by his corps of faithful workers, is doing a noble work. A noble work, but it has its hardships. He is deeply interested and of course sees plainer than anyone else the future possibilities of the great work, and at the same time its urgent needs.

Right here is where our part comes in; we who are so richly blessed. The Board of Regents is asking for \$50,000 to be raised. This money is to be used for the necessary equipments for the Home. Let us all respond to this appeal and have a share in this, the Master's work.

There are applications coming in almost daily from a mother or friend who wishes to place a child in the Home, but must be denied on account of the lack of room. Can you not help to remedy this by giving some on the amount stated above? It is a large sum, but if we all do our part it will soon be raised and will not be heavy on any one person.

There are other ways in which you may help the Orphanage. There are children for whom clothing-people have not been provided. The smallest gift in the way of clothing, provisions and money are always accepted and appreciated.

Still if we can not give of our material things, there are none of us who cannot give our prayers. Let us remember that "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

By a Former Barium Girl.

to the automobile, but before he was half-way, the big Newfoundland had him a rain. Then something hit the big dog in the neck. It looked like a huge bundle of burlap rags, but it had four legs and big sharp white teeth, and was full of growls. It hit so hard that the Newfoundland, in his turn, went over on his back. Before he could get up, the bundle of burlap—with Ginger inside it—had him by one fore leg, and was trying to swing him from side to side. Over and over they rolled. Ginger's old coat flapped back and forth, and the snow flew this way and that, until at last the Newfoundland broke away, and with his tail between his legs, dashed down the street. Ginger gazed after him a moment, then climbed back to his seat. He looked across at the automobile. Pedro had gone back to his place, but he did not appear to be nearly so proud now. His plush coat was torn and covered with dirty snow, and both of his ears were cut and sore. It was hard to tell just what Ginger thought as he looked at him. Perhaps it was this: "He isn't much of a dog, but I couldn't sit still and see a big fellow whip a little one."

Then Ginger's master came out and climbed up beside him. "Well, old boy," he said, "did you watch 'em?" Ginger wagged his tail, but he did not say a word.

Burly Party: "Are you aware sir, that you deliberately placed your umbrella in my ear last evening?" Little Bifferton: "Very careless of me, I'm sure. I wondered what become of it and—would it be too much trouble to ask you to return it?"

A MODERN MIRACLE.

WROUGHT IN A COUNTRY MEETING HOUSE.

By Wm. Laurie Hill.

PART THREE.

Soon they were summoned to the bright dining-room, where Mrs Perkins had a most satisfying repast awaiting them, and the meal (a very social one) was none the less agreeable from the fact that Obediah Powell knew well how to bring out topics that should interest all, and could illuminate any subject with happy illustrations.

Speaking of personal responsibility for influence he said, "I believe Sister Perkins that God holds every individual responsible for his daily influence, and if that be so, we are all held individually responsible for the success of this meeting at the mill. We know that God is willing to give us a pentecost, and if we do not get it, it is because our hearts do not really desire it. I was holding a meeting not a hundred miles from here, and a dear little girl ten years of age who became a very bright convert said to me 'Mr. Powell I am praying for papa, he will get drunk sometimes, and he is so sweet when he is sober. I am asking God to make him love Jesus so that he won't drink any more: do you think my prayer will be answered?'"

"Yes my child!" I said, "and now let us pray for him together, right here, and we did."

"That night before the service begun, I saw dear little Rebecca leading a fine looking man up the aisle, and I went forward to meet her; when she said, 'Mr. Powell, this is my dear papa, and he says he loves Jesus now, and I am so happy.' Oh friends! what cannot personal influence do? 'A little child shall lead them.'"

"You made two friends to-day, brother Powell my old negro farmer Uncle Daniel and his son Billy are singing your praises to Aunt Phoebe and when we have worship to-night, I am going to call them in. The fact is I have always had family prayers with my servants: I like them to feel that we have the same Heavenly Father, and are saved by the same faith in our Redeemer."

"I am so glad to know it dear Madam, for I think one mistake our Southern people have made is, that in religious matters, they have allowed the negroes to drift too far away from them. 'The blind have been leading the blind' and false teachers have too often led them in paths of danger, and estranged them from their best friend."

The supper ended, and after an hour of congenial talk, the nine o'clock bell rung the hour for prayer: the servants were called in, and Obediah Powell, after reading the 95th Psalm, led the household in a heart talk with God, commending all to the tender care of him who never slumbers, but is ever watching where his people sleep. Caleb Chandler was especially remembered, and earnest petitions were breathed in his behalf: but Agnes prayed as she had never done before for the wayward one, she even more than liked: one, whom she had known from her early childhood.

All were early risers at Swallow Barn and sunrise found the family seated around the breakfast table partaking of the good cheer so generously provided, and all anticipating a day of joy and gladness.

"I hope brother Powell we did not arouse you too soon, and that you rested well?" was the salutation of Mrs Perkins, as Mr. Powell joined them.

"I rested well thank you, and as daylight is my hour for rising I am up none too soon. I love the new born day, and every night of rest, when these worn and weary bodies go into nature's work-shop for repair, is to me a miracle. What sleep does for us, we have never yet fathomed, nor will we, until we 'awake in his likeness.'"

"It was sir Thomas Brown who said, 'sleep is death's younger brother, and so like him, that I never dare trust him without my

prayers.' "And it was Tennyson who wrote of 'the mystery of folded sleep,' said Agnes.

"And it is a great mystery, on this lovely June morning, I feel as if I had been made anew, and all the world seems no older than yesterday."

"All this is very charming talk to me" said Joshua, "but I must away to Wilton or I shall not get Caleb here before the heat of the day: so good morning all, and Joshua left them still lingering over the sleep talk and tea cups, while he jogged over the red hills in his top carryall, in which he had placed a light mattress, in case Caleb should need it.

Driving up to 'the Eagle' Joshua was surprised to find Caleb sitting out on the front piazza with his head bandaged carefully, and in earnest conversation with Squire Tim Buckner. "Now Squire Tim, (he was saying) turn Asahel Case loose, and dismiss that warrant, I don't want this to go any further."

"Why boy! the next fellow he slugs he'll kill, and he had liked to have cracked your skull: We ought to make an example of him."

"No Squire! do this much for me: send for Asahel Case, he is sober by this time, he has had all day Sunday in jail: I want to talk with him."

"Well if you insist on it I will do it Caleb, but, why! here's Josh! now Josh! what do you think? here's Caleb wants to turn Asahel Case free, and dismiss that warrant: what do ye think of that now?"

"Well Squire, it shows that Caleb does not bear malice, and if his forgiveness is not wasted on Asahel Case, it will prove a good thing."

"Well I'll fetch Asahel Case up here, and if you choose to turn him loose, you can do so, but I fear tis castin' pearls before swine," and the Squire walked rapidly away toward the jail.

The meeting between Caleb and Case was a rare display of two natures, the one, ingenious and noble: the other disingenuous and pawky: Squire Tim and Joshua watched the scene sitting in a large rush-bottomed chair tilted against the wall. Caleb extended his hand saying "shake hands Asahel, you hit me a foul blow, but I bear no malice and I want to be friends with everybody; let us forget that day before yesterday ever was."

Asahel extended the very hand that had dealt the slugging blow saying, "Caleb I mought a hit you too hard but I had the Devil in me Saturday, besides a lot o' Jones's whiskey. I haint friends with nobody in per-tickler, but haint got no special grudge agin you except that you won that money. Hit goes agin me ter lose money, and I ginerally gits even some way with the folks I loses to."

"Well Asahel, I sent for you to tell you I am going to have that case against you dismissed whether you wish to be friendly with me or not. The Squire dont want to drop the case, but I insist, and whether you wish to be friendly with me or not, makes no difference."

"I'm plain to tell you Asahel Case, (said the Squire) 'I'm agin turnin' you loose, and would make that blow you gave Caleb, cost you a pretty sight o' money if I had my way: you deserve it.'"

"That bein so Squire, I am glad Caleb is disposed to let up on me a bit, and I'll promise one thing, he shant be the one I'll slug next time."

"If you mean that for me Asahel Case, I want to say right here, if ever you lift your fists agin me, I'll not put you in jail no! I'll put you in the Hospital, you have got to walk very softly if I turn you loose now, for remember you have got enough enemies around here to get you behind the bars mighty quick, and on very short notice. Do Continued on fourth page.

THE VERSE THAT HELPED.

Hilda and Gretchen and Elsa were three little German girls, twelve and ten and eight years old, who had been left behind with grandmamma and good Aunt Agnes, while their father and mother went to America to find a new home.

But at last they wrote, "sayine that the new home was made, and now they wanted their little girls to come to them."

But there was no one to go with them, and it was a long long journey for Hilda and Gretchen and Elsa to take alone, over the wide ocean and half across the United States. But they longed to see the parents from whom they had been parted, while papa and mamma, in the little new house out on the Western prairie, were, in turn, counting the days till they should come.

"Is is a long way," said grandmamma, "to go alone, and nobody knows what trouble may come to them, or what dangers they may fall into."

"I know," replied Aunt Agnes, "but surely we can trust the good Lord to care for them."

"We can and will," answered grandmamma.

So Hilda and Gretchen and Elsa were made ready for the long journey they were to take alone. And just before they were ready to start, Aunt Agnes took a book, and on the first blank page wrote a sentence in German and French and English.

"Take this book with you," she said, putting it into Hilda's hands, "and if you get into trouble, or need any help, just stand still and open this book where I have written, and hold it right up before you."

Then the three little travelers set out, first by railroad, then in the great steamer over the sea, and then hundreds of miles by rail again. And if ever they were in any trouble, or frightened, and did not know what to do, they would stop and open the book, as Aunt Agnes had told them, and hold it before them.

And always they found some one who could read German or French or English, and who, when they had read what was written in the book, would help them safely on their way, to the new home and the waiting father and mother.

Would you like to know what these words were that made strangers and all who read them so kind and helpful? They were the words that Jesus spoke long long ago; words that everyone, children and grown people, can remember and live by. "And the King shall answer and say unto them. Verily I say unto you: Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—Exchange.

GOOD FOR SOMETHING.

By Ruth De Pledge.

John, the gardner, was busy raking up the leaves from the lawn, and Jackie was helping him.

"John," said Jackie, "it's abother to rake up these leaves, isn't it? They make work and they're good for anything."

John leaned on his rake and looked down at Jackie. "Jackie-lad," he said, "don't say that anything on this earth isn't good for anything, because that's not true. No, sir, Jackie-lad, everything in the world has a use, or it wouldn't be here. Do you know what we're going to do with these old leaves? We're going to take them over to that patch of ground behind the new summer-house, where the grass was killed off last summer by the carpenters, and we're going to mix these dead leaves with the soil and make it rich. Everything on earth is good for something, Jackie-lad."

The next day some of the children at school found a long, fuzzy caterpillar. "I tell you what we'll do with him," said one of the boys. "Let's dump him in that big puddle and see if he can swim. He isn't good for anything."

Jackie heard, and remembered

ON THE TRAIN.

The man who wore glasses went to the other end of the car and the two little girls watched him closely. He dropped into a vacant seat, took out a card and pencil, and wrote:—

Dear Little Girl with the Blue Hat,—I am tired of reading, and there is no one here to talk with so I am writing you this note. Perhaps your mother will let you answer it. The little girl with the brown hat, whose nose turns up—just a wee bit—is she your sister? This note is partly to her.

Sincerely yours,
A Fellow Traveller.

He folded his note and beckoned the little girl with the brown hat. She came trotting down the car, took it solemnly, and carried it to the little girl in the blue hat, who read it, and as fast as she could scribbled her answer:—

Dear Man with the Glasses,—it was very kind of you to write to us. Grace and I were tired too. Grace is my sister. You thought right about that. She is six years old, but she does not go to school. My father keeps a store and he is the best man in the world.

Your friend,

Muriel.

This time Grace, with the brown hat, sat waiting until the man finished his note. Then she ran with it. It read:—

Dear Muriel:—Thank you for writing so soon. Just from looking at you and Grace I rather thought some older person in your family must be nice; but strangely enough, I never once thought of your father. I live near Chicago, in a house with a big yard, that holds a playhouse and a sand pile and a swing, and I am going to California. A lady there let me marry her daughter, and I want to see her again and thank her for it. Where are you going?

When Grace carried this note back, Muriel scribbled faster than ever:—

Dear Man:—We are so glad that you are going to California, because we are, too. Mother is taking us out to our grandmother. She lives near the ocean. It seems very strange, but we live near Chicago, too, and have things like that in our yard. Don't you love to ride on the cars and eat in the diner?

With love

Muriel.

The answer that came was:—
Dear Muriel:—I do like to ride on the cars, but sometimes I wish there was not so much of it all at one time. I hope we shall be well enough acquainted by and by so that you can visit me over here. You see such interesting things out of my window; a moment ago I saw a prairie-dog village, and just now I saw two rabbits, running as fast as if their mother had sent them on an errand. Maybe she had.

Muriel read this note until she came almost to the end, then she bounced out of her seat.

"Oh, Grace, Grace!" she called. "Come quick."

They ran down the aisle and fairly tumbled into the man's lap. "Did you really see prairie dogs and rabbits?" demanded Muriel.

The man with the glasses looked quite startled.

"Well!" he protested. "This is getting acquainted fast!"

Grace reached up and took firm hold of the end of his nose.

"Father!" she exclaimed. "Don't look that way. We're not going to play strangers any more. We're going to be just your little girls again. We like it better."

—Frederick Hall in Youth's Companion.

his talk with John the day before. "Oh, let him go, fellows; don't drown him," he said.

"Why, Jackie," they said, "he isn't good for anything."

"Everything in the world is good for something," said Jackie. "John told me. You come down and talk to him, and he will tell us what that caterpillar is good for."

OUR FATHERLESS ONES

WM. LAURIE HILL, Editor.

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PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME.

REV. W. T. WALKER, Supt. and Treas.
Barium Springs, N. C.

An Institution of the Presbyterian Synod of North Carolina for the Care of Orphan Children.

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THE STATE AND THE FAMILY OF THE CONVICT

For ages past, the greatest sufferers when a man is convicted of a crime, and is imprisoned (possibly for a long term of years) is his wife and children.

Many good women become the victims of a mis-placed affection and the law takes hold of the unworthy husband, and deprives him of his liberty, and makes him labor for the benefit of the State.

Common justice would say, that this is neither right nor just. Crime should be punished, and the evil doer should meet the demands of all just law; but to deprive a poor woman and her children of their bread-winner, and to let all that he earns, go to the State, puts a high moral obligation upon the State.

By law they have made that wife and those children, widow and orphans; and left them to live as best they can, or to suffer, and be also driven into crime.

We see that some of our states are taking up this matter, and some have gone so far, as to pension the widow, and make an allowance from the Treasury of \$5.00 per month for each child, while this seems rather like a premium on crime, it is better than leaving a woman and children to helpless starvation.

One thing does look like the right thing to do; and that is, to give every convict some trade to follow, make him work for the support of himself, his wife and children; and thus make him a producer and not an idle man "in the pen" or a laborer on the roads.

There is nothing more true than that "the idle man's brain, is the devil's workshop." And many a crime has been purposed and planned in the pen, only to be carried out when the convict becomes free.

By keeping a man who is serving a sentence employed, you are training him in habits of industry, and fitting him to make an honest living for his family, when he becomes a free man.

Our Legislators should take up this matter at their very next session, and pass such a law as should adjust properly the obligation of the State, to look after the wife and children of the convict. Christianity and humanity both demand it.

A GREAT NEED IN THE CHURCH

The church of God has many and great needs, and this would seem to be an almost impossible thing, when we consider, that "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." The great trouble is, that man has been placed here as "a tenant at will," subject to the orderings of the Divine Master, and he has usurped ownership absolute.

Talking with a rich man not long ago, we reminded him gently, that he was only a steward, and should try to represent the

realowner. "But, said he, 'I've got the property now.' While that is true, and the Lord of all the earth trusts some men with vast wealth: the time comes to every man, when 'the silver cord is loosed and the golden bowl broken,' and he who controlled millions will hear a voice saying 'thou shalt no longer be steward.'"

If men and women treated an earthly landlord in the same way they do our loving Heavenly Father, in administering the trust committed to them: many would be called unfaithful and dishonest men and women.

It is an undeniable fact, that a large part of the wealth of the world to-day, is in the hands of men and women who claim to be Christians, and belong to some branch of the church of Christ.

Some men go and come away from church complaining that we are tired of this continuous cry for money! money! money!

And seem to think that the Gospel and the church needs no money. If every church member had an educated conscience, there would be no need of special appeals for money, for this or that cause, and no part of the work of the church would be in debt or need.

It is just because Christian men are claiming and holding God's money, as theirs, that these appeals are necessary.

The church of Christ would flourish and do a glorious work for humanity, if her membership would turn into the Lord's Treasury, the extravagant expenditures and waste, in every household.

When the average Christian awakes to the realization of his and her stewardship, special appeals will disappear, and the Treasury of the church will have ample means for all her needs.

INDIAN COMPUTATION OF TIME.

Certain of the reservation Indians still cling to the calendar of their ancestors. The Indian method was to compute time by sleeps and moons. A sleep is 24 hours and a moon is a month.

There is also a midmoon where the sun is at twelve o'clock meridian. This hour is indicated by pointing overhead.

When an Indian pointed quarter way up the sky he meant nine o'clock. When he pointed quarter way down he meant three o'clock. Sunrise was the eastern horizon and sunset the western. Night was indicated by holding the hands to gether palms down ward stretching out the arms and holding the body and head bent forward.

When there was a moon it was indicated in the same way as was the sun. Were an Indian asked the distance to a certain place or how far he had come he would say so many sleeps or days travel. A sleep as describing distance was about thirty five miles when walking deliberately or from fifty to seventy five miles if going in haste with a message.

"GOOD NIGHT."

The tiny boy, a little white-robed figure was repeating his evening prayer, and after the "Amen," still kneeling, he added, "Good night."

The mother gently reproved him "You should wait until you are quite through your prayer, dear, until you rise to your feet, before you say 'Good night,'" she said.

"Why, I was saying 'Good night' to Jesus—I always do. Doesn't he want me to say 'Good night' to him?" The clear eye clouded with troubled questioning.

"Most always I say 'Good morning' too, when I remember same as I do to you—but I always say 'Good night.' I should 'spose he'd want me to."

"Yes, dear; it is all right. Mother only didn't understand," the wise Mentor hastened to amend, for the child's simple faith was nearer the truth than our later-acquired ideas of reverence. We had back as secular too many things that the Lord would gladly share with us.—Ex.

A HARD BEGINNING.

There is a story of a tender-hearted woman who, seeing with-

in a cocoon the struggle that the butterfly was making to free itself, thought to help by breaking the meshes and letting the silken-winged creature loose; but the butterfly, thus released was too weak to lift itself too undeveloped to care for itself, and died before the rescuer's eyes. It needed the battle.

Beginnings ought to be hard; the people whose beginnings are made easy for them are the handicapped. Attainment, achievement, fulfillment cannot be made easy—and beginning should not be. Patience, determination, thoroughness come hard to those who have never known hard beginnings. The bright pupil who learns his lessons without special effort usually receives a poorer preparation for life than any other boy in the class.

It is not only virtues essential to success that are to be associated with hard beginnings; family affection flourishes best when there is need of family effort to get the younger members started right. That does not mean freeing them from burdens, but taking pains to adjust the load properly upon their young shoulders. Family affection is likely to be impaired when no burden has been imposed. To be companions in hardship is to be companions always. There is a peculiar sacredness about love that grows under difficulties.—Great Thoughts.

CHINESE GORDON.

When you come to Trafalgar Square you will admire the splendid monument on which stands the figure of the great English sea captain, Lord Nelson. Close by, and not nearly so high, is the monument to Chinese Gordon, who got his name by victories in China. Though a great soldier, he has only a cane in his hand, and under his arm is a Bible. That cane tells a story. When he went into battle he carried no sword, but only a little stick. Yet his soldiers would follow him anywhere. He was a great leader because he was a great man. A man's power lies more in what he is than in what he has.

The Bible under his arm is the secret of his power. He knew God and loved God's Book. The soldiers would often see a white handkerchief lying across the floor of his tent, and they would say, "General Gordon is taking with God!" Nobody ever crossed that white handkerchief.

General Gordon was a great lover of boys and did a great deal for them, about which you might ask your father to tell you. He lived a glorious life in this world.

And when God promoted him they wrote on his tomb in a great cathedral these words: "Who at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, his heart to God."—The Rev. Frank T. Bayley, in The Congregationalist.

A RESOURCEFUL REPTILE.

At the village grocery the evening gossip had turned upon snakes. There had been the usual tales of dens of reptiles unearthed by excavators, of hoop-snakes taking their tails in their mouths and rolling rapidly down hill, and the like. Through it all "Uncle Henry" Carpenter sat silent, with a look of tolerant superiority upon his face.

"Have you ever had any experiences with snakes Uncle Henry?" asked one of the listeners.

"Wal, I did have a queer thing happen to me about thirty year ago," Uncle Henry responded. "The minister happen in to dinner one day, and Sary Ann had me to go to the chicken-yard and kill our last rooster. While he was floppin' round as chickens do with their heads off, he started up one of these pesky joint snakes. In no time I had him broke in two at every joint. I'd heer'd tell, though, how, they go together again, if ye leave the peeces layin' round, so I jest took the piece with Mr. Snake's head on it and burned it in the stove."

"Wal, we was enjoyin' our dinner unusual, and the minister was callin' for another helpin' of chicken, when a rooster began to crow out in the chicken-yard."

"Land's sakes, Henry," says Sary Ann, "what rooster's that? I'm sure the only one we've got is right here on the table—and he's in no condition to crow."

"The minister and me, we hurried right out in the chicken-yard, and sure enough, we heerd

another crow, sort o' husky like; before we got there. Wal, it was simple enough when ye stop to think. The joints of that snake had all jined together again, and when they couldn't find their own head, they jest took the rooster's which I'd left layin' handy."

There was a moments silence, when the conversation resumed it no longer dealt with Snakes.

"Papa," said an inquisitive boy, "don't fishes have legs?" "They do not," answered papa. "Why don't they, papa?" "Because if they swim and don't require legs." Then he asked, "Papa, ducks have legs, don't they?" "Why, yes, ducks have legs." "Well, ducks swim, don't they?" "Yes." "Then why don't fishes have legs, if ducks do? Or why don't ducks not have any legs, if fishes don't?" Papa gave up.—Exchange.

Caller (in New York apartment house): "Did Mr. and Mrs. Tremper ever live here?" Bell-boy: "Does you 'member 'em Sam?" Other bell-boy: "Yais, but they only had a back apartment. Us boys never reckernized em."—Puck.

Vote Against Health.

With \$32,000 the State Board of Health proposes to inaugurate a State-wide system of registering birth and deaths, to establish an antitoxin farm where we can manufacture our own diphtheria antitoxin and other sera, and distribute them throughout the State at about half the cost we now have to pay for them outside the State. The Board also proposes to enlarge its educational work, its Laboratory facilities, and the hookworm work. If any North Carolina taxpayer sees anything in that health program that he does not approve of, he should lose no time in asking his representative to vote against the present health bills in the Legislature.

—What one believes as to Jesus Christ and how that one believes it is the final test of human destiny.

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Supplies can be sent by Express or freight.

All supplies sent by freight will be stopped at Barium Springs, if charges are prepaid. If charges are not prepaid, supplies should be sent to Troutman, N. C. To get supplies forwarded without charge, application must be previously made to the general manager of freight through your local agent.

Notice of all shipments should be promptly sent the Superintendent, and Express or freight bill of Lading inclosed.

We have telephonic communication with Statesville, and so can be reached by telegram via Statesville without extra charge.

Our Club Rates.

Single Subscription.....\$1.00 per year
5 to 10 Subscriptions.....75 cts. per year
10 to 50 or more Subs.....50 cts. per year
Send in your clubs.

Form of Bequest

To the Presbyterian Orphans' Home, Barium Springs, N. C.:
"I give, devise and bequeath to the Regents of the Orphans' Home of the Presbyterian Church of the State of North Carolina, the following:

The will should be properly executed with two witnesses.

On the expiration of the time for which payment has been made for this paper it is legal to continue to send the paper for one year longer. After the one year the paper must stop by law.

Thursday, April 3, 1913

HOME HAPPENINGS

Our attendance at Sunday School last Sunday was good, and the congregation at the preaching service was large. We are getting a good attendance from the neighborhood, and the congregation that gathers every Sunday at Little Joe's church are getting some good preaching. Mr. Walsh's text was from 2 Samuel 24-25. The reply of David to Araunah. "Nay; but I will surely buy it of thee at a price: neither will I offer burnt offering unto the Lord my God of that which cost me nothing." So David bought the threshing floor and the oxen for fifty shekels of silver. A shekel of silver was worth about seventy two and a half cents, of our money, but it had more purchasing power at that time.

The key note of the sermon was that the Christian should practice self denial in giving, always bearing in mind our stewardship.

A package of seven post cards of the Home in colors will be mailed on receipt of fifteen cents. The Busy Bees.

The 29th of March is the birth-day of our Editor, and he has established a rule (so far as he is concerned) to observe that day at Barium, by giving a supper, and inviting every child in the Home who was born in March, to partake of his hospitality.

On last Saturday evening, we gathered at the feast board, and there was a royal spread set before those children, which it would have done your heart good to see; and the way they appropriated would have been a caution to people too stingy to eat enough.

We had chicken and fixins, lots of good vegetable and chow chow that was chow chow, winding up on Ice cream and cake. We believe every child and worker in the home got a taste of that cream, and pronounced it splendid.

The children have the usual amount of curiosity as to "the Editors age;" and we love to keep them guessing. So for their especial entertainment we read them the following lines.

PRAY WHATS YOUR AGE?

This Question does not always find, The man or maid with ready mind,

With an honest tongue to answer, Some halt, and hesitate, and wait,

And others shyly shun their fate, While others at a lively rate, Lie like a man airt!

Pray whats your age? why should I tell?
For this, all people know quite well,
Age is nothing to a man sir.
Both men and women shun the book,
They should be judged by feeling, look,
And that's my answer.

So when you ask me out just plump,
Don't think you'll find me such a gump,
As to be telling all I know sir.

Sometimes truth gets many a thump,
Folks whip "old Nick" around the stump,
And dodge the answer.

We try to make the 29th of March a Red letter day at Barium and rejoice that we are a year younger.

The State North Carolina Sunday School association will convene in annual session at Greensboro N. C. on April 22, 24th and will be a large gathering of Sunday School workers. The writer would be very much pleased to attend, and aid in representing the Sunday School at Little Joe's church, but unfortunately Our Tri State workers from five states. Meets at Hapeville Ga. at that very time, and we never miss attending one of those meetings. We hope however, that Little Joe's Sunday School will be represented. All delegates who expect to attend should notify Mr. C. C. McLean chairman of committee of entertainment Greensboro N. C.

We have had a great pleasure in a visit from Mrs. Josephine Wakefield, it has been quite a year since Mrs. Wakefield was with us, and she doubtless sees many changes, but her presence is ever welcome, and she does not visit us often enough.

We have had a good deal of rain and the farm is much too wet for plowing, but we have much to be thankful for, when we think of the disastrous floods that have visited the middle West; and how our beloved state has been spared these disasters.

The horrors that have been witnessed at Omaha, Dayton, Terre Haute, Peru, and many other cities and towns in the West, touches the heart of man all over the world, and substantial aid is being sent to thousands of homeless people. It is a calamity that thrills the human heart with pity, and draws man nearer to his fellow man: We are sure that our fellow countrymen in the west will be both cared for and comforted, as they receive aid and cheery messages from every quarter of our country. At such a time, there is no north, south, east or west, but one brotherhood, one country.

We have seven excellent post card views of the Home. These cards take in all the important buildings and are painted in colors.

The Busy Bee's Missionary Band will gladly mail you the package of seven for fifteen cents, stamps acceptable.

Address Busy Bees, Barium Springs, N. C.

We have just received a beautiful catalog of the stock farm owned by Mr. Elliot of Markham Panquier Co. Virginia, where he has about 300 beautiful Ponies. This is probably the largest stock farm as a pony specialty, in the South, and if you cannot get a pony there, it will be hard to find one. We are in dead earnest about some one giving our children a pony. Who will be the liberal hearted man or woman, who is generous enough to spend 75 to 100 dollars to make happy a hundred orphan children?

Children need some things besides bread, clothes, and schooling; and nothing would be a more acceptable gift to the home, than a stocky pony, ready to do errands, and to give pleasure to our little girls and boys.

We have received the February number of "Barley Cake" which comes regularly to us from "Tai Wing Fu" North China. This bright little paper is a message from a far off land, and tells of the mission work being carried on by a worthy host of workers, under the leadership of Rev. Horace W. Houlding. They have a great many native helpers.

April fool's day dawned bright and beautiful, and our children were about as frolicsome a lot of kids as yet will meet. Our Editor found his chair-leg tied fast to another one at breakfast. Several of our matrons and teachers

found bells tied under their chairs, and all sorts of pranks were played off by the children upon each other. All fools day seems to be accepted as a huge joke.

Our Harmony class spent a most delightful evening with Miss Paxton at Synods Cottage on last Monday. They were delightfully entertained with many selections from Chopin including his preludes, Waltzes, Marches, Etudes, etc. The evening was enjoyed to the full extent, by all, and each member went home to their cottage feeling grateful to Miss Paxton for the pleasure which she had given.

Barium is not exactly in the mountains, but she had an avalanche on last Tuesday, and we were not a bit frightened. It seems that Dr. Scott of Statesville College, concluded that, instead of letting his girls run away on "all fools day," he would run with them. So getting a lot of teams, he brought between fifty and sixty pretty girls out to Barium. How they did seem to enjoy it, and we certainly did. They camped in the grove and after lunch, they went over to Barium Spring. We recognized among the girls two of our old pupils, Inez Gray and Mamie Teal, and we were very glad to meet them. We wish all those girls would come often, they will always be welcome.

We have received an invitation to attend the Oratorical Exercises of the Senior Class at Davidson April 3 to 5th and shall endeavor to be present. The subjects to be discussed are varied, and woman's rights are not left out. We especially want to hear about Sidney Lanier, the whilome leading Poet of the South.

We congratulate "the Scottish Chief" upon the installation of their new equipment and the coming out of their paper on time and in good shape. If any body can get out a paper under difficulties it is brother Harker, and he generally wins out.

SECRETS OF LONG LIFE

Hudson Maxim, inventor and author, celebrated his sixtieth birthday at his home in Brooklyn recently, and gave common-sense opinions on several subjects, especially on the secrets of health and vigor at three score years. He said: "I never felt better in my life. I think the greatest thing that will give a man longevity is a sense of humor. That and outdoor life are pretty good tonics for poor health. A sense of humor gives him a pleasant outlook on life. Instead of a feeling of antagonism to the world, it relieves a man of a good many disappointments. Good humor is a species of good health. Another thing conducive to long life is a sane philosophy where one only expects to get out of life what he earns out of it. My mother was an optimist and I have been one myself for many years. I feel that the world is a great benefaction and that we ought to be very thankful to be in it to live." Mr. Maxim, though an inventor of war instruments, is in favor of peace societies, and thinks the few remaining wars that are liable to occur will promote a better civilization and hasten a day of peace for all the world. He thinks that the Balkan War, terrible as it has been, will be for the eventual good of the nations who declared it, and that the Turkish people themselves will get rid of some of their handicaps and crimes and enter into a period of greater unity and prosperity. The young man of sixty recommends international lyceums to educate society to know the profit and joy there is in individual and public integrity. To the secrets of health and life given by the one who had passed through the period of two generations could be added that of a clear conscience well regulated and a vital relation to the divine life, which is love. The vigor of age is thus expressed:

Thine age shall be clearer than the noonday; thou shalt shine forth, thou shalt be as the morning. (Job 11: 17.)

BE STRONG.

By Maltbie D. Babcock.

Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do and loads to lift;
Shun not the struggle, facet,
'tis God's gift—

Be strong!
Say no! the days are evil—who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce oh—shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely in God's name—
Be strong!
It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battles goes, the day how long,
Faint not, fight on; tomorrow comes the song.

Any thing that is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.

The gospel is often passed from soul to soul by a hand-shake.

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A MODERN MIRACLE

Continued from page one.

you still say let him go, Caleb?"

"Yes Squire, I am putting you on your good behavior Asahel, and it will be your own fault if you get into more trouble: let Jones's whisky alone, and I do not think this community has anything to fear from you. I wish you well, and in parting, I want to say, I am done with Jones's whisky: done with scrapping; and desire in future to be a better man, and hope you will try and do the same."

Just as Asahel Case moved away, Dr. Boswell rode up to the sidewalk and dismounted. Slowly climbing the steps, he exclaimed, "Hello Caleb Chandler! who told you that you might get up and hustle around? let me feel your pulse? You are a Chinese puzzle, or a Government mule, I don't know which, for you have't a speck of fever, and seem about as usual, except that hole back of your ear."

"Yes Doctor my feelings told me I was getting allright: I shall go with Joshua Perkins out to Swallow Barn, and take ten days rest, and then I turn over a new leaf. I am going to quit all my meanness, if the good Lord will only help me, and try to show these folks around here, that there is the make of atleast a decent man, in Caleb Chandler."

"Good for you Caleb! just let liquor alone, and you will come up fast enough, it this blamed blue-headed stuff, that's making crime, and filling our jails, penitentiaries, and poor houses: it gives the Doctor a good many hard jobs too."

"Yes Boswell, just think of it! I came into town on Saturday with fifty dollars in cash, I counted up this morning, and after paying Landlord Priddy, I have just thirty Dollars and fifty cents left, and, I owe you how much?"

"Oh Caleb I have a good notion not to charge you anything, but two dollars will pay for the broken head, let it go at that."

"That's cheap Boswell, you will not made a fortune at that rate, but here's your money. You see I have ten dollars more than the sum I named but I don't mean to keep that ten dollars I won from Asahel Case. I am going to get you Joshua, to take, and hand it to him for me. Tell him I am done betting too, as well as drinking, and don't want any of his or any other man's money obtained in that way. I intended to give it to him while he was here, but overlooked it."

"Why you are reforming right Caleb, I never could think won money, was clean money," said the Doctor.

"Just so Doctor! here Josh! take it quick! or it might be smirch these clean dollars I won by honest toil."

"What's Caleb doin Josh?" questioned Landlord Priddy, who just then came on the porch.

"Why Landlord, he is sending Asahel Case that ten dollars, he won from him on Saturday."

"Well! I'll horn-swaggled, what's the matter with the money Caleb? is it counterfeit?"

"No Landlord its a good National Bank ten dollar bill, but I am done betting, and I don't want to keep the fruit of a gamble, it might taint all my other money."

"Well! well! the year o' Jubilee have come." They tell me you have turned loose the rascal, and now, you send him back the ten dollars? Why Caleb! he will just stick to it, that you didn't win that money fair, and he didn't give you anything but what you ought to have had, don't you see?" "I cannot help his wrong doing, but I can correct my own, Landlord: that money goes back to Asahel Case."

"Well if its got to be that way Caleb, I will go with Joshua. And see that Asahel Case is plainly told exactly why you sent that money back, and if he dares to insinuate, that you did not win it fair, I'll thrash him: come on Joshua."

Landlord Priddy knew where to find his man, for when Asahel Case was not engaged on some little carpentering job, he could generally be found at Jones's corner.

And, there he was, seated on a bench at the side of the grocery, surrounded by a few of his sporting friends and companions to whom he was giving his opinion of Squire Tim Buckner. Walking up Landlord said "We want a word with you Asahel Case, right here in the

presence of these witnesses. "Well say your say: what is it?"

"Caleb Chandler sent Joshua and me down here to return that ten dollars he won from you, not because he didn't win it fair, but because he's changed his mind about the rights of gambling, and don't want any money he don't earn, anymore: give him the money Joshua." Joshua produced the ten dollar bill and handed it over too Case who clutched it as if the news was too good to be true. Then winking at his companions he said, "When the Devil was sick, the Devil a saint would be."

"None of that Case, let me tell you; we are here to stop your foul mouth, and wont hear a word agin Caleb Chandler. He has acted the gentleman, fore-given you of a foul wrong, and stopped your prosecution. Now he sends you, back the money he fairly won, and I dare you! to open your mouth in abuse of him."

"Dare is a big word Landlord."

"And I mean it Case, every word of it. You are free now, but Squire Tim will commit you to jail at a word from me, and I know enough again ye to make you smoke: walk light I tell ye, you are not dealing with gentle hearted Caleb Chandler."

"Now Landlord taint worth while for us to be scrapping about Caleb Chandler, he mought be all yoy say he is, and then I don't keer. If he's changed his mind I am glad, fer I am ten dollars better off, so I haint got no more ter say."

"That's all right Asahel, s'long as you keep your mouth shut about Caleb, you can shoot it off about anybody else you choose, but I warn ye, if Squire Tim hears of them remarks you made as I came up a while ago, thrall be all sorts of trouble for ye, and that's all I got to say: Come on Joshua."

Continued in next issue.

When God said, "I do set my bow in the cloud," he showed that there could be no bow except in the cloud. Neither could there be a bow, without the sun to shine upon the cloud. Thus the bow, born of both cloud and sun, tells of both. Were there no sorrow we would not see much of the glory of God. His promise would mean nothing. The invited step in the development of grace would be lost, and with its loss the development would stop. It was for this reason that Paul declared that he gloried in tribulations also, because they introduced him to a whole procession of the richest experiences of God's grace.

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